This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

AL
3611
5.15

Children of Phantasy

CHAS. W. TACKENBERG

WIDENER
HN NUWL H

AL 3611.5.15

Harvard College Library

FROM

Col. T. W. Higginson.

26 June, 1900.

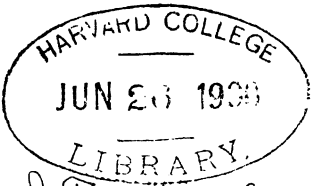
Children of Phantasy

Children of Phantasy

By
Chas. William W. Tackenberg

Cincinnati
"The Literary Shop"
1899

AL 3611.5.15



bol. T. W. Higginson

COPYRIGHTED, 1899, BY
CHAS. W. TACKENBERG

TO THAT

WHICH IS NOBLEST

IN MAN

I DEDICATE

THIS BOOK

PREFACE

May these "Children of Phantasy," begotten in moments when intense feeling demanded impartation, strike a sympathetic chord in the hearts of those, the privacy of whose lives they may chance to enter!

Although having not originally been intended as a series, the poems beginning with "My Love" and ending with "Love" may, nevertheless, be regarded as such. Owing to their sweet simplicity and tender feeling, two translations from the German have been embodied in this collection; namely, the poems "Lullaby," by W. Urban, and "Slumber Song," by A. Traeger. Further comment as to the character of the following poetic productions seems unnecessary. Let them speak for themselves.

Again hoping that these "Children of Phantasy," now launched on the uncertain sea of life, may find a safe harbor in the hearts of the people, and be deserving of your hospitality, O reader, I wish both you and them Godspeed.

Sincerely yours,

THE AUTHOR.

CONTENTS

CHILDREN OF PHANTASY, - - - - - 11
SING, O MY HEART! - - - - - - 13
MY LOVE, - - - - - - - - - - 14
WHAT BRINGS THEE HITHER? - - - 15
SPRING, - - - - - - - - - - 16
PARTING, - - - - - - - - - 20
SORROW, - - - - - - - - - - 22
LIFE, - - - - - - - - - - 24
RETURN OF SPRING, - - - - - - 25
LOVE, - - - - - - - - - - 26
THE CARD PARTY, - - - - - - - 27
AN AUTHOR'S TROUBLES, - - - - - 32
LULLABY - - - - - - - - - - 34
SLUMBER SONG, - - - - - - - 36
ON BEHOLDING THE SHOE OF A DEPARTED INFANT, - - - - - - - - 37

RECOLLECTIONS, - - - - - - - 39
WAR'S CRUELTY, - - - - - - - 41
WARNING, - - - - - - - - 45
MY SOUL, - - - - - - - - - 46
AN INDIAN STORY, - - - - - - 47
THE UNDER-CURRENT, - - - - - 52
THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY, - - - 54
MY CHOICE, - - - - - - - - 56
WILD FLOWERS, - - - - - - - 58
MAN AND NATURE, - - - - - - - 60
THE SUNKEN CITY, - - - - - - 63
SONG OF BACCHUS, - - - - - - - 75
BOAT SONG, - - - - - - - - 78

CHILDREN OF PHANTASY

CHILDREN of Phantasy, born of my brain,
Soul of my soul in joy and in pain
Into your forms I 've breathed, waking to life,
Noble in sentiment, fearless in strife,
Parts that are baser, bidding you stand
For all that is worthy in Poetry's Land.
Children of Phantasy, balm of my heart,
Blessings upon you, 't is time to depart.
The vessel is ready to bear you away,
And Phœbus, in splendor adorning the East,
Gives promise of an exceptional day.
What! Do I tremble? Nay, not in the least.

With Love as your pilot I know you will be
Safe on the world's tempestuous sea.
Sail on, gallant ship! Godspeed, noble crew!
Apollo, your patron, will prove himself true.

SING, O MY HEART!

SING, O my heart, and thy cares will be lighter!
Sing, O my heart, and the world will be brighter!
That pessimist, Trouble, will rapidly flee,
Where Music's sweet voice speaketh soothingly.

Sing, O my heart, it will banish all sorrow!
Sing, O my heart, have no fear for the morrow!
The world will not fail to support the glad strain,
The breeze will return the ecstatic refrain.

MY LOVE

My love is like an angel,
That Heaven sent to me
To guide my frail bark safely
O'er Life's rough, surging sea.
When her enchanting presence
Flings round me its sweet spell
All sorrows quickly vanish,
In paradise I dwell.

And when the mighty billows
All round me madly rave,
When clouds of darkness gather
Above the watery grave,
Though I see mortals sinking,
And hear their hideous cry,
I fear not for my safety,
I know my angel 's nigh.

WHAT BRINGS THEE HITHER?

'Tis love that brings me hither,
A love as pure as yonder flowers,
Which, like those ornaments of earth,
Shall e'er give birth
To joyous hours.
Unlike the fragrant plants, howe'er,
To-morrow dead, though yesterday so fair,
My love for thee shall never wither.

SPRING

COME out of your dwellings, ye mortals, I say,
Wherein you have spent so many a dark day;
'T is time for rejoicing, all gloom is now o'er,
And Winter has gone to his cold, distant shore.
Then leave your close room
And come where now bloom
The flowers again; your study now leave,
For can 't you conceive
That from the near trees, in most charming of notes,
The song of the warblers in ecstasy floats?

Come, join in their merriment,
Come, join in their song;
In chords that are thrilling,
With rapture all filling,
Let with them us sing
The welcome of Spring.

The Sun in the heavens looks smiling upon you,
And so Mother Earth looketh pleasantly too;
She stretches her arms, and as in a dream
You are drawn to the stream
In the woodlands near by.
Above you the sky, but a short time ago
With clouds overcast, betokening snow,
Has donned a blue mantle, dear;
Then let no clouds of fear
Darken your path with strife
In the sweet spring of life;
Enough of life's care appears
When comes the fall of years,
Or when the winter gray
Bears friend after friend away.

Then, dearest, come with me,
This, love, I beg of thee,
Let us now wander free
  O'er hill and dale.
Into the woodlands cool,
Down by the clear, still pool
Let us now wend our way
This lovely spring day.

O, you are all to me,
I live for thee only,
Dearest, for thee;
Swear that you 'll ever be
Mine, lov'd one, mine!
This she then promised me.
How I adore thee,
Maiden so pure and sweet!
Here I cast at thy feet
  All I possess.
'T is but a heart of love,
A gift from Heaven above,
Which but for thee doth beat;
May it forever meet
  With thy caress!

Happy we went our way
Back from the woods that day,
  Free from all care;
And when obliged to part
Thus spoke to me her heart,
  "So be it e'er."

PARTING

DAYS of anguish, nights of weeping,
Tend to be my future lot,
Endless groping, endless moping
On some cold and dismal spot.

No one nigh to stop this weeping,
No kind soul to change this lot,
No one to prevent my moping,
No one to make bright this spot!

What a dismal place this world is
With our dear ones far away!
What a task it is to part with
Those with whom we wish to stay!

But a short time I 've been steering
Through Love's flow'ry paradise;
But a short time, and this parting
Will make dark these clear blue skies.

Speak no more of mortal pleasure,
That so quickly disappears;
Dearly for each past enjoyment
We e'er pay with future tears.

Pining heart, O cease thy grieving
O'er thy lot by Fate decreed,
For the Past 's beyond retrieving;
Cease, my heart, O cease to bleed!

SORROW

WHEN the glorious sun hath set
In the golden West,
And the weary toiler
Home hath gone to rest,
Brooding o'er my sorrow,
Here I sit and pine,
Thinking of a maiden
Who can ne'er be mine.

When the silv'ry moon appears
In the vaulted sky,
At the silent casement
Here I stand and sigh,

Thoughts of her still haunt me,
Naught can ease my pain;
Greatest of all tortures
Is to love in vain.

Thus unto the eve of life,
Doomed to endless grief,
Shall I wander onward,
Praying for relief,
Begging the Almighty
Unto her to send
Heavenly contentment
To her journey's end.

LIFE

WHAT a complicated thing is life!
What strange destiny is ours!
Doomed to everlasting strife,
Instruments of higher powers.

RETURN OF SPRING

How brilliantly doth shine the moon!
She sheds on all her silv'ry light,
And daylight's beauties, manifold,
Outsplendored are by those of night.
Now that spring-time hath come again
My heart doth feel with greater pain
The pangs of blighted love.
The feath'ry messengers from tree to tree
Proclaim Queen Spring's mild sovereignty;
Howe'er, without Lenora's love
There is no spring for me.

LOVE

YEA, I shall style those days of love
The fairest dream that e'er I had,
Therefore the grave awakening
Made my forsaken heart so sad.

THE CARD PARTY

SILV'RY shine the moon's bright rays,
Illumining the forms of fays,
Who in the circumambient air,
Surrounded by luxuriance rare,
Form round the throne a splendid ring,
And bow before their fairy king.
"Ye vassal elves, hark unto me,"
The monarch says, and willingly
The subjects his command obey,
And list to what their king doth say.
"In yonder house, illumined bright,
There meets at eight o'clock to-night,
To spend the time quite merrily
At Euchre, a fair company.

Thither shall we wend our way,
Assisting in the merry play
A certain Miss, whom I shall choose.
Another shall be made to lose,
For she hath once offended me,
And hence to-night must punished be.
She shall receive, O, fairies wise,
The miserable booby prize.
Let forth the chariot be brought,
The splendid cart by fairies wrought.
We must make haste or be too late,
For yonder bell will soon peal eight."

Behold! the royal vehicle
Approaches now, a miracle
Of fairy workmanship of minute size,
Drawn by eight splendid butterflies.
Then, following the king's command,
The joyous little fairy-band
Steps into the royal cart,
And all is ready to depart.
The zephyrs softly round them blow
As swiftly on the fairies go,

Softly singing their sweet song;
What a happy little throng!

At length they reach their destined goal,
Just as the bells the hour toll.
Upon the moonlit window-sill
Now halts the splendid vehicle.
The fairies from the cart alight,
Invisible to mortal sight.
The king informs the charioteer
At midnight there to reappear,
And quickly as the lightning's flash
The royal coach away doth dash.
The ruler, followed by his train,
Flies through the broken window-pane,
Glides smoothly o'er the hall-way floor
Unto the open parlor-door,
Now entering the brilliant bounds,
Where youthful merriment resounds.
He then points out the fair young maid
Deserving justly fairy aid,
And shows to them his mortal foe,
To whom they shall no mercy show.

All being thus arranged with care,
The fairies for the feast prepare.
The anxious creatures in suspense
Await the signal to commence.
Hence, when they hear the welcome sound,
All quickly to their duty bound.

The fairies guide the game of chance,
As to and fro they nimbly dance.
Attentively each creature harks
Unto the comical remarks.
(One jolly elf commenced to choke
In laughing at a funny joke.)
With grinning face the imp of trumps
From place to place quite sprightly jumps.
The happy maids and youths, howe'er,
Of fairy presence unaware,
Continue with the merry play,
As swiftly pass the hours away.

At length the clock's ten strokes proclaim
The end of the exciting game.

The winning maid, with vict'ry proud,
Midst acclamations long and loud,
A splendid present then receives.
The losing maiden, heaving sighs,
Is honored with the booby prize.

Till midnight there the happy throng
Doth spend the time in dance and song.
The mortals then for home depart,
Upon the sill the royal cart
At the appointed time alights,
And soon conveys the merry sprites
Unto the realms of Fairyland.

AN AUTHOR'S TROUBLES

I CHANCED along the street one day,
And met three urchins by the way,
With their hoops engaged in play.
A sudden shout! I face about,
And see the youngest of the three
Dance about in childish glee,
Crying, "Fellers, look an' see
How my hoop comes back to me!"

A certain twist had brought about
The miracle, the joyous shout,
And swelled that childish breast with pride,
As joyfully the urchin cried
To his comrades, "Look an' see
How my hoop comes back to me!"

Entering my room that day,
On my desk a parcel lay,
The manuscript of my first play.
Intense the pain, I sigh in vain,
And beg my Muse imploringly
To mitigate my misery,
Sadly sighing, "Fair one, see,
My precious play 's come back to me!"

Since that day I've written novels,
Sketches, dramas, poetry,
Sent them out upon their mission,
Hoping to find recognition.
Vain attempts at seeking favor,
They all seem to lack the flavor
Which the public taste demands,
And I have them on my hands.

No more I sigh and question why
My manuscripts come back to me,
For oft I feel that fortune's wheel
Must some time surely turn for me.

LULLABY

(From the German by W. URBAN.)

THE little bird flies homeward,
Another day is o'er,
And all the guests of twilight
Assemble by the score.
Thy guardian angel dwells on high,
And looketh from the starry sky.
No ill can come to thee,
Then sleep thou peacefully.

Now softly hum the insects,
The fire dimly glows,
The clock is weakly ticking,
All seems in sweet repose.

A solitary little mouse
Is all that stirs about the house.
"Hie thee away from here,
Disturb thou not my dear!"

The little mouse is quiet,
Then sleep, my darling, sleep,
It is the will of mother
That thou shouldst slumber deep.
Then from yon sky the evening star
Will twinkle brighter from afar,
And shed on thee its silv'ry light;
Goodnight, my dear, goodnight.

SLUMBER SONG

(From the German by A. TRAEGER.)

SLUMBER, my child,
Heed not the owl's weird cry,
Sweetly and mild
Sounds now my lullaby.

Mother dear wakes,
Sleep therefore peacefully,
Many a long night
I shall not be with thee.

Shouldst thou then weep
Think thou, my dear, of me,
Who in thy infancy
Sang thee to sleep.

ON BEHOLDING THE SHOE OF A DEPARTED INFANT

PRICELESS treasure, little shoe,
Baby's feet will nevermore
Stand in need of you.

Baby's suffering is o'er,
And those little feet now roam
On another shore.

God has called his dear one home
And her saintly little soul
Winged its flight toward Heaven's dome.

Brief, ay very brief her role
On this earth was doomed to be,
For her soul in infancy
Reached its heavenly goal.

At the hour of her passing
Plaintive strains of melody
Crept unto her little cradle,
Whispering, "Eternity."

Ah, the music of her being,
As her little hands beat time
Even as her soul was fleeing
Unto Heights Sublime!

Earthly strains have passed away;
Resting at the feet of Him
Whose command we all obey,
She now lists the glorious hymn
Of the singing cherubim.

RECOLLECTIONS

O, CHILDHOOD days! O, happy days!
With all your joyous, blissful ways,
That day by day, that year by year
Retreat into Past's distant sphere,
From whence no more my heart so sore
Can call you to this dreary shore.

O, childhood days! O, childish lays!
I can do naught but sing your praise.
O, mother dear, who filled with cheer
My heart full many a by-gone year,
Would I had power to call one hour
From that far land o'er which mists lower!

O, fleeting Time! relentless Time!
Could you but on your wings sublime
Bear me at last, and oh, so fast,
To that dear, distant land, the Past,
That midst the flowers of childhood's bowers
I might enjoy a few brief hours!

Ah me, my heart, my pining heart
Can ne'er its endless grief impart;
In doubt and fear my steps draw near
The end of life, the pall, the bier,
Whilst you, O days, dear, blissful days,
Sink farther in the Past's dim maze.

WAR'S CRUELTY

AFTER the battle of San Juan
We found him dead on the field.
In the heat of the charge we had heard his voice
Cheering us on to victory,—
Which he himself was never to see—
When struck by the enemy's volley he reeled,
And fell on the hillside with bullet-pierced heart.
On the stage of Life he had finished his part,
And the curtain fell on the tragedy
Which came to a close
With the death of those
Who had sacrificed life for their country.

From a button he wore on his blood-stained coat
The face of his little one, heavenward turned,
Anxiously peered toward the vast Beyond,
Whither to immortality
The soul of her sire had taken its flight.
God knows how her dear little heart sadly yearned
For her father's return from the terrible fight,
And how yet another,
The little one's mother,
Careworn and pale with anxiety,
Fervently prayed unto Heaven above
For the end of the strife
And her husband's life.

The Demon of War has had his prey,
And the Angel of Peace her wings has spread
Over our glorious nation to-day.

The bells in the steeple with clamorous
voice
Proclaim the blest tidings, and bid all re-
joice.
Alas, brazen harbingers, varied your role!
In promulgation
Of peace to the nation
To many sad hearts your clangings now toll
The funeral-knell
Of the dear ones who fell.

Cannon's roaring, drums' loud beat,
Fifes' shrill notes and tramp of feet
Greet the ears, midst deaf'ning cheers,
As the gallant van appears.
Hail, ye heroes tried and true,
Hail, intrepid boys in blue,
The grateful Nation 's proud of you!

From a window nearby, with tear-
bedimmed eyes,
The careworn face of a woman looks on.

Beside her a child with looks of surprise
Watches until the soldiers have gone.
Then lifting her gaze to her mother's, she
cries,
"Where's papa?"—A moment of silence,—
Then heartrending sobs, and a sad little
voice,
Trembling with dread,
Whispers in innocence,
"Tell me, dear mamma, is papa dead?"

WARNING

GREATEST of all grievous sins
Is to waken disbelief
In a soul where Light Divine
Was wont to banish mortal grief.

Can there be a sweeter joy
Than the comforting belief
In that immortality
Which gives us Heaven and relief?

Therefore, skeptic, pray beware,
Lest by thy deceiving arts
Mischief-breeding seeds of doubt
Thou implant in other hearts!

MY SOUL

My soul belongs to Thee,
Thou All-creating Power.
Earth may claim my baser part
In death's relieving hour,
But my soul belongs to Thee.

My soul belongs to Thee.
If dust be resurrected,
Shall by immortality
My soul then be rejected?
Nay, for it belongs to Thee!

My soul belongs to Thee.
Then come, O death, and welcome,
That, joyous, fetter-free,
Unto its native kingdom
My soul may soar to Thee,
May soar, O Lord, to Thee!

AN INDIAN STORY

By Niagara's roaring waters
All alone I once was sitting,
List'ning to the ceaseless currents
As they hurried ever onward
Toward their distant destination.
And I thought of Life's rough river,
Over which our barks are floating,
Carried by the ceaseless current
Toward the end of Life's great journey.

Suddenly there rose before me,
Clad in bright, celestial garments,
Fairest forms from other worlds.
One fair image then approached me,
Beckoned with her heavenly finger
To advance unto the current,

And to list unto her story;
Whilst the heavenly attendants
Flitted here and there above me,
Sweetly singing touching dirges.

"Long ago, on yonder island,"
Thus began the Muse celestial,
"Ere the white man's conquering footsteps
Had approached these fair surroundings,
Lived in peace a tribe of Indians.
In their midst there dwelt a maiden,
Fairest, sweetest of their number,
Whom they styled the Smiling Sunlight.
She was worshiped by the warriors,
She was loved by all the women
For the sweetness of her manner,
For the willing hand she offered
To her brethren in distress.

Noble Deerfoot, bravest, fleetest
Of the Indians, had succeeded
In securing the affections
Of the charming Smiling Sunlight,

To the anger of the warrior,
Fighting Eagle, who was jealous
Of his brother.

Often had the noble Deerfoot
And his charming, cheerful virgin
Wandered in the peaceful night-time
By the side of the mad river,
Where they listened to the roaring
Of the fearful cataract,
While the moon and stars above them
Shed o'er all their light celestial.
Often had the Fighting Eagle
Sworn that he would kill his brother,
Who had won the charming maiden
He had worshiped to distraction.

One delightful night in summer
All alone the lover wandered
To the edge of the mad river,
Followed by the Fighting Eagle,
Who, unseen, had tracked his brother
Till they reached the destination

Where the former e'er awaited
The arrival of his maid.
'Fairest moon,' so quoth young Deerfoot,
'Fair, indeed, art thou in heaven,
But my maiden is far fairer
Than the orbs that light our pathway
When the peaceful night holds sway!'

There he sang the last of praises
To the virgin he so worshiped,
For the crouching Fighting Eagle
Bounded from the silent bushes,
Killed his brother with the weapon
That ne'er yet had missed its mark.
Thereupon the half-mad Indian
Threw the body in the rapids,
Wildly laughed as he beheld it
Madly carried by the current
Toward the roaring cataract.—
Then the wretch heard footsteps coming,
And awaited the arrival
Of the charming Indian maid.

Soon the virgin stood before him
And demanded explanation
Of the absence of her loved one,
Which he gave with satisfaction,
Laughing, pointing to the rapids,
As he told her of the deed.—
Like a maddened beast she bounded
Toward the wretch who stood before her
At the edge of the mad river,
And with superhuman power
Dashed him to a fearful grave.
She herself fell in the current,
And was madly carried onward
Toward the roaring fall below."

Having finished her sad story,
The celestial creature vanished,
And her heavenly attendants
Also disappeared.—
All alone I stood beholding
The romantic scene before me,—
Then in silence homeward wandered,
Thinking of the mournful tale.

THE UNDER-CURRENT

HAVE you thought of the under-current, friend,
That fashions mortal's end?
A rhythmical rill it ripples on
Through childhood's happy vale,
And, plucking the flowers from its bank,
You follow in its trail.
Those halcyon days once past and gone,
Insatiate desire for worldly rank
In adolescence tempts you on.

O fiery soul, destructive flame,
That burns to ashes human hearts
In coveting terrestrial fame,
Consuming mortal's better parts,

And trampling on fraternal rights,
That from Olympus' dizzy heights
You might look down defiantly
Upon the vale of misery,
May on thy brow Cain's mark proclaim
Base Selfishness to be thy name!

Beware of this dread monster, friend,
This slayer of morality,
Lest, by a tempest-beaten sea
Cast on the Isle of Discontent,
With sails of hope asunder rent,
Your shattered bark should find its end.

THE LILIES OF THE VALLEY

As once I walked along the street
I chanced to spy right at my feet
Some lilies of the valley.
Perhaps some maiden from their bowers
Had plucked the pure and fragrant flowers,
And left them there to die,
Tramped on by heartless passers-by,
Spurned lilies of the valley.

Oh! there they lay, as pale as death,
They lay there taking their last breath,
Chaste lilies of the valley.
I picked them up, but 't was too late;
Oh! how severe had been their fate.
They lifted not their drooping head,
I plainly saw that they were dead,
Poor lilies of the valley.

Thus I may once abandoned be,
My name erased most heartlessly
From friendship's mighty scroll.
And, when the end of life draws nigh,
Some sympathetic passer-by
May witness my sad fate,
And offer succor, but too late,
To my departing soul.

MY CHOICE

If ever I were asked to choose
That which I most desired, I 'd quickly answer,
"Open widely Nature's glorious book
To my inquiring soul. There let me dwell,
Where mortal hand hath not destroyed
The harmony of God's grand products,
There where the grateful birds incessantly
The praises of their kind Creator sing,
And where the babbling brook accompanies
Their song in gentle murmurs, lulling softly
All the happy beings to repose
Amongst the fragrant flowers, when o'er earth

Night spreads her dusky wings; for there
the Muse
Of Inspiration dwells, the precious Muse
That to all pining souls contentment
brings."
And where the desolating hand of man
Has hampered with God's glorious work,
My heart rebels and angrily responds,
"Wherefore, O wretch, hast thou deprived
These products of their beauty? Dost thou
think,
Perchance, vain mortal, thou possessest
power
To better what the All-creating Hand
Hath here produced?
"Flee quickly to the haunts of men,
Ungrateful, boasting soul, destroy no more
Where thou canst not improve. Thy
emulation
May be fed where thy false fellow-men
Reside, but not in God's grand forest."

WILD FLOWERS

VIOLETS, violets, sweet little violets,
Beautiful flowers of spring,
Violets, violets, dear little violets,
Sweetest of pleasures you bring.
And you, frail anemone,
Pretty anemone,
Swaying in time with the breeze,
Banish all sadness
And thrill me with gladness
In roaming the woodlands and leas.

Great are the pleasures of spring God hath given
To rid the sad heart of its gloom;
When through the winter of toil we have striven,
He wakens the earth into bloom.

Trilliums, trilliums, beautiful trilliums,
Brightly adorning the wold,
Trilliums, trilliums, exquisite trilliums,
Blest is the truth you unfold.
And you, fair spring beauty,
O, dainty spring beauty,
And all ye dear children of spring
Praise the omniscience
And infinite patience
Of Him, our great Father and King!

Great are the pleasures of spring God
hath given
To rid the sad heart of its gloom;
When through the winter of toil we have
striven,
He wakens the earth into bloom.

MAN AND NATURE

WHEN we from some enormous height look down
Upon a busy vale, our speech deserts us,
Words are too poor to fittingly describe
The glorious picture that the eye perceives.
A world in miniature one there beholds;
The busy place beneath seems one great toy,
A toy, howe'er, that only Time's skilled hands could make.
Man's structures, mortal as his passing self,
Sink into insignificance when we
Behold the towering peaks of distant mounts,

Or when we glance upon the neighboring sea,
Whose wide, blue bosom bears still more
Of mortal's work, the ships with spreading sails,
That now on quiet waters wend their way,
But which amidst the angry billows' spray
Are tossed when Neptune reigns in fearful wrath.
And toward the sea, this wide, sublime expanse,
The sluggish rivers wend their winding way.
They reach for miles and miles into the land,
Between the transient residence of man,
Who ever boasts of those fast-passing things
He calls his works, forgetful ever of the fact
That one great gust of fiendish wind
His bridges, castles, all that he e'er made,
Can level to the ground, as if they were

But toys, instead of firm and solid mass,
As he is wont to style them in his pride.
And where vain mortal's habitation ends,
Stout trees of forest rear their lofty heads,
As if in victory crowned, and to reveal
How insignificant to Nature's work is man's.

THE SUNKEN CITY

In old Kingston's placid harbor,
Buried in the Southern deep,
Lies the city of Port Royal
In tranquillity asleep.

Here, where Caribbean waters
Wash Jamaica's peaceful isle,
Years ago the Spanish pirates
Weary hours would beguile.

Here they sang and drank and reveled,
Here they loved and wooed and won,
Here in unrestricted freedom
Their licentious course was run.

Could that quaint old, sunken city
Tell its tale of love and hate,
It would tell of pirate rulers,
Of their madness and their fate.

It would tell of Heaven's anger,
Of its righteous punishment
Of a sacrilegious people
But on earthly gain intent.

* * * * * *

On the eve of June the seventh,
Sixteen hundred ninety-two,
King Don Pedro gave a banquet
To his ruffian retinue.

Royal blood of Spanish nobles
In his veins was said to flow,
But his fathers had been banished
From Hispania years ago.

In his heart lurked bitter hatred,
And Don Pedro often swore
To avenge the heinous treatment
Shown his ancestors of yore.—

Fairest Phœbe, high in heaven,
Shed her soft and silv'ry light
On the revelers who started
For the banquet-hall that night.

On the entrance of Fernando,
Who, as usual, came late,
Old Don Pedro gave the signal
For commencement of the fete.

Then began a night of revel,
Of profane debauchery,
Such as never had been witnessed
In that city of the sea.

To the right of old Don Pedro
There remained a vacant place;
In that noisy throng was missing
Don Jose's malignant face.

As the monarch, so his offspring,
Pirating upon the main,
Early had been taught to foster
Hatred for the land of Spain.

Hours passed in wild carousal,
Midnight unawares drew nigh,
Through the quickly-closing cloud-rifts
Cynthia peered from the sky.

Louder grew the drunken voices
Of that sacrilegious throng,
Wafted through the open windows
Issued sounds of vulgar song.

Shortly after, as Don Pedro,
Rising from his seat of state,
Spoke unto his pirate vassals,
E'en old Carlos ceased to prate.

"Good señors," began the monarch,
"Let us drink the health of him
Who is cruising on the waters.—
Fill the vessels to the brim!"

Quickly were the cups replenished,
Held by trembling hands on high,
As Don Pedro thus continued,
Fire flashing from his eye:

"Here 's unto the scourge of nobles
Of the curséd realm of Spain,
Here 's unto Jose the Fearless,
Pirating upon the main!

"May good Fortune smile upon him,
Bring him back unto these shores
The victorious avenger
Of his wronged progenitors.

"Drink then to Jose the Fearless,
To the dregs the vessels drain,
Drink unto the scourge of nobles
Of the curséd realm of Spain!"

Boisterous the scene that followed.
Shouts of "Long live Don Jose!"
Filled the air and were re-echoed
To the surging of the bay.

Sounds of music then, proceeding
From the lutes of passers-by,
Spent on barren ears their sweetness,
Unawares that death was nigh.

Love of life their strains betokened,
Hope of immortality,
Mingled with the drunken curses
Cast upon the Deity.

In the distance, sweetly dying,
The refrain now passed away,
And again unholy tumult
Wildly held discordant sway.

—Hying 'cross the starry heavens
To Endymion's retreat,
Henceforth from her moon-car, Phœbe
Doomed Port Royal ne'er should greet.—

O'er the city clouds had gathered
In a gloomy canopy;
Mingled with the cry of storm birds,
Roared the waters of the sea.

Hark! the thundering of cannon
Peals upon the midnight air,
And the pirates in confusion
From the festive board repair.

At the windows drunken voices
Send their welcomes to the bay,
Which e'en now is being entered
By the vessels of Jose.

"See!" the monarch cries in rapture,
Fire flashing from his eyes,
"Worthiest of Spanish vessels
Don Jose brings home as prize."

Like a grim, gigantic spectre,
Looming through the gloomy maze,
There appeared a stately galleon
To the pirates' searching gaze.

Shortly after, at the landing,
Oft reiterated cheers
Loudly rent the air and greeted
The victorious buccaneers.

On the shoulders of his comrades
The triumphant Don Jose,
Midst the ringing acclamations
Of his friends, was borne away.

To the banquet-hall the rabble
Turned its tottering steps again,
There to celebrate the triumph
Of the captain and his men.

Here, above the rumbling thunder,
Of the angry billows' roar,
Was the sound of revel wafted
To the tempest-beaten shore.

Lightning flashed in vivid zigzag
O'er the clouded firmament,
Louder, midst the peals of thunder,
Grew the shouts of merriment.

From the festive hall emerging,
Two stout figures hied away
Through the darkness and the tempest
To the vessels in the bay.—

Shortly after, brilliant flashes
Four approaching forms revealed,
Which the gloomy veil of darkness
In its folds had held concealed.

See! the door again is opened,
And, amidst the revel's din,
Spirit-like mysterious figures
Quickly disappear within.—

Great the sudden change that followed!
Silence reigned within those bounds,
Which a moment since had harbored
Vulgar and tumultuous sounds.

Two stout ruffians had entered
With the captives of Jose,
Sire and daughter, both attired
In nobility's array.

Not a sound disturbed the silence,
Save the clanking of the chains
On the wrists of the old Spaniard,
And the clattering window panes.

Old Don Pedro, then arising,
With excitement trembling frame,
Was the first to break the silence,
Gruffly crying, "Sire, your name!"

"Don Hernando de Espejo,
Of the noblest blood in Spain,
Governor of Hispaniola,
Foremost of the royal train."

"De Espejo!" cries the monarch,
"By the spirits of our dead,
Since your fathers died unpunished
You shall tremble in their stead.

"For the banishment my people
Suffered from your ancestors
Dire revenge shall reach the offspring
Of your damned progenitors!"

Calmly spoke the fearless captive,
"If your fathers were as you,
Fair Hispania ne'er had reason
Their just banishment to rue."

Swords were bared at the offender,
And the captive spoke no more;
Pierced by old Don Pedro's weapon
He dropped dead unto the floor.

And the frenzied señorita
Prostrate fell beside her sire;
Then she turned upon her captors,
From her eyes flashed fiendish fire.

"Curses on you, drunken cowards,
Curses on your progeny;
May you die the death of torture,
May they live in misery!

"Ye Almighty Powers of Heaven
At whose anger mortals quake,
Send your bolts of dire destruction,
That the earth beneath may shake!"

Thus she spoke, and Heaven answered,
Wilder grew her frantic look,
Lightning flashed and thunder rumbled,
And the earth below e'en shook.

To the puzzled glance of comrades
Pallid faces made reply,
Frightened visages betokened
That the end was drawing nigh.

Brighter flashes, louder crashes,
Trembling still more violent
Scattered fear and consternation
Where before reigned merriment.

Lights were overturned and smothered,
And, amidst the din and roar,
By the sea the earth was swallowed,
And Port Royal's days were o'er.

* * * * * * *

From the vessels' decks at daybreak
Eager guards in dire dismay
Vainly sought the vanished city,—
Then in silence sailed away.

SONG OF BACCHUS

"To Naxos steer, I pray ye, men,
To Naxos, home of mine,"
So spake unto the mariners
Great Bacchus, god of wine.

"There ye shall all rewarded be,
I promise ye, and well."
But they knew not that in this form
A god of might did dwell.

So false were they, these mariners,
Save one, Acetes named,
Who swore that for their wicked deed
He never would be blamed.

They bade him turn the vessel's prow
Toward Egypt's slavish shore;
Acetes thereupon exclaimed,
"I 'll steer this ship no more!"

Upon his head their curses fell,
Another took his stand,
And sailed, the boy as slave to sell,
Toward Egypt's sunny strand.

The god feigned to detect their plan,
And seemed in misery
To look with eager, longing eyes
Far out upon the sea.

"Yon country, men, is not my home.
What is 't that ye design?
Ye surely would not wish to harm
So frail a form as mine!"

The sailors laughed but in response,
Acetes could but weep,
The vessel on the ocean's breast
Seemed like a snail to creep.

It stopped, this curséd vessel held,
The men, astounded, cried,
"What unseen power can it be
That progress hath denied?"

They tugged the oars with might and main,
They pulled upon the line;
In vain, for see! on oar and rope
Entwined a fruitful vine.

At length they saw that they mistook,
Amends now came too late;
Their mortal forms subjected were
Unto a fearful fate.

Their bodies now assumed the shape
Of monsters of the deep,
Where once were arms there now were fins;
Their doom they could but weep.

Of twenty, one alone was spared;
Acetes, true and brave,
The vessel now toward Naxos steered,
Across the gentle wave.

BOAT SONG

O'ER the water's placid bosom
Merrily we glide along,
Free from earthly care and sorrow,
Softly singing our sweet song.

From the vaulted sky above us
Orbs celestial shed their light
On this mortal habitation,
Wrapped in silence of the night.

May we thus on Life's great river
Gently float unto our goal,
Singing as we e'er draw nearer
Toward the haven of the soul.

END OF FIRST BOOK
PUBLISHED BY
"THE LITERARY SHOP"